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IMPS AND ANGELS.

A COMEDY---VAUDEVILLE.

BY PAGE McCARTY.

[COPY-RIGHT, 1881.]

CHARACTERS.

BOB PORTER,	-	-	-	A Schoolboy	} THE IMPS.
MADGE,	-	-	-	His Sweetheart	
TEENCIE,	-	-	-	His Little Sister	
MRS. PORTER,	-	-	-	His Aunt, a Real Angel.	
REV. JOSIAH PAUL,	-	-	-	A Professional Angel.	
CARRIE PORTER,	-	-	-	The Accepted Angel.	
JOHN HACKET,	-	-	-	The Guardian.	
BUCK SIMMONS,	-	-	-	An Innocent Villager.	
HERR KLINGLE,	-	-	-	A Lion Tamer.	

ACT I.—SCENE.—The yard of a farm house, village and landscape in the distance. Buck Simmons discovered.

BUCK.—How can a fellow do any work with his mind, no I mean his head, always running on the circus? All the old lady's flowers look like tiger lillies and dandelions. I'll have to quit this life and join the circus. If I could just get that reward offered for the lion that's got loose. I wonder what wages they pay the chap with the striped legs and spots onto his back? I'd like to be him.

ENTER MRS. PORTER ON PORCH.

Mrs. P.—Simmons, get the carriage, I want to take this present to the parson, a dressing-gown made by the sewing society of the congregation. But, have'nt you worked those flowers yet?

BUCK.—If you please mam, I have'nt been exactly well since I got hurt.

Mrs. P.—Hurt, when, where, how?

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BUCK.—I hadn't ought to tell you ma'am, but you must know that the gentleman with the striped legs and spotted tail, no I mean streaked back, invited me to ride the kicking mule and the durned thing went and flung me, and it give me a wring in here.

MRS. P.—Well, I hear a ring in there. See who's at the door and say we are not at home. But where's Bob?

BUCK.—Kept in ma'am I judge.

MRS. P.—And Madge.

BUCK.—She's practicing circus on old Prince down at the stable.
(Exit.)

MRS. P.—Goodness gracious, the circus will drive me mad. What an aggravation that the Fourth July should come just after the circus has gone. Between the animals on one side and the pop crack-ers on the other, the children will make this house a lunatic asylum.
(Re-enter Buck.) Who is it?

BUCK.—Nobody but the preacher ma'am.

MRS. P.—Brother Josiah Paul, goodness me, run and call him back you stupid.

BUCK.—If you please ma'am, we hadn't ought to. I went and told him you wasn't at home and if he comes back he'll catch us in a what's its name; and a lie don't make any difference to folks in general, but to a preacher it's sort of hard.

MRS. P.—Call him back I tell you, and tell the cook to kill two chickens for dinner, and not a word about that vile circus; we must break it to him gradually. (Exit Buck.) Dear man; minis-ters like chickens at this time of the year better than anything else, except a subscription; and when they pay a pastoral call spiritual consolations and other pious topics with fresh vegetables, fried chicken and, perhaps, a remark about the price of the new organ are exactly the thing. But I must get on something. (Exit.)

ENTER JOSIAH AND BUCK.

JOSIAH.—Young man, did you not say she is at home?

BUCK.—Yes, sir; you see it's a sort of a mistake. I went and thought she had gone out to the circus, no I mean to break it to you gradually, and the cook was to kill a chicken with a striped tail, no I—

JOSIAH.—Young man, is this one of those conventional prevar-i-cations with which the worldly are want to delude the confiding

visitor. If so, I purpose to shake the dust from my feet and depart.

BUCK.—Shouldn't be surprised if it was one of them prevary—what's it's names, but here she is, sir.

ENTER MRS. PORTER.

JOSIAH.—Good afternoon, Sister Porter.

MRS. P.—Oh, Brother Josiah, how could that stupid Simmons make such a mistake and—

BUCK.—A mistake a——

JOSIAH.—Silence. Sister Porter, I am moved to make this pastoral visit because of the sudden demoralization, and as it were letting down in this community, caused by the recent visitation of that strolling abomination, the tented scourge, called the circus that goes about like a monster seeking whom it may devour.

BUCK.—And they say sir, it have got loose.

MRS. P. AND JOSIAH.—What?

BUCK.—The monster, the queen of the animals. Herc's the notice.

JOSIAH.—(Reads.) “Five hundred dollars reward. The above reward will be paid for the recovery of Cleopatra, the queen of the Zoo, recently escaped from the greatest managery on earth at Anrora. P. T. Barnum.” A device and a mere abomination.

BUCK.—(Reads.) “The Queen of the Nile.”

MRS. P.—Simmons, do you know where you are?

JOSIAH.—Young man, are you contaminated by this satanic contrivance of varied iniquities?

BUCK.—Well, you had ought to have seen me ride the kicking mule. But, sir; me and Bob allowed that we'd get up a show of our own for the Fourth of July, down at our stable, five cents to come in.

MRS. P.—Goodness me, why didn't yen tell me this before Simmons?

BUCK.—Well, ma'am, I had'nt ought to now, but it popped out like one of them what's its' names through a hoop.

MRS. P.—Go and attend to your work.

BUCK.—Yes, ma'am; (aside,) wonder what the old lady would say if she knew I was the hind legs of the Elephant. (Works flowers.)

JOSIAH.—I observed with pain, Sister Porter, that your three wards were not at Sabbath School as usual.

MRS. P.—Oh, Mr. Paul, you are our prop and our stay. Dinner will be ready directly. Fried chicken in batter, peaches, apple fritters, a few little delicacies that will be a comfort to you. What will become of us? It's all the vile circus, the mule and the kicking Elephant.

JOSIAH.—(Abstrededly.) Fried in batter Sister Porter? A few creature comforts and table mercies may lift us up before the sore trials that beset us. May Heaven raise up those who fall. (Simmons who has been attitudinizing, falls with a crash. Carriage whip without.)

MRS. P.—Run Simmons, there's a carriage, and don't say I'm not at home.

BUCK.—No ma'am!

MRS. P.—Do you understand?

BUCK.—Yes, ma'am; (Runs against Hacket, who enters.)

HACKET.—Ya-hoo!

BUCK.—Ya-hoo, who?

MRS. P.—Cousin John, just from New York!

HACKET.—How are you old girl? Parson, have'nt seen you for years. Hot day, crowded train. Wher's that boy?

MRS. P.—At school!

HACKET.—Trot him out. Take him back with me and send him to boarding school. Boy, tell that carriage to come back for 5 P. M., train, and you hang this hammock here; I just lie in it for a while after dinner and smoke. Jolly thing, day in country.

MRS. P.—You don't mean to take Bob away?

HACKET.—Don't I? Been runnig wild long enough.

JOSIAH.—Wild indeed.

MRS. P.—Poor Bob, such a darling, and the worst boy in school.

HACKET.—So I've heard.

JOSIAH.—Sister Porter, do not oppose the wise purpose of the youth's guardian. Doubtless some—but is dinner ready? A journey makes one a thirst and hungry.

ENTER CARRIE.

CARRIE.—Aunty, dinner is ready. Oh, Mr. Paul, what a blessed thing to see you. Oh Cousin John, is it you; you don't know what a nuisance Bob is.

HACKET.—That's nothing, a bad boy makes a man of spirit.

JOSIAH.—Worthy sir, a profane sentiment which moves me to—
(Dinner bell within,) dinner.

ENTER KLINGLE AT BACK.

CARRIE.—Oh!

ALL.—What's the matter?

CARRIE.—A man.

KLINGLE.—(Coming forward.) Good afternoon all! I'm just prospecting this metropolis for a pet of mine that's lost.

ALL.—A pet!

KLINGLE.—I said a pet, and I am offering five hundred dollars for her. Is there any innocent villager would like to make his pile on that lay? (Tacking up bill.) If he don't get masticated catching her he's all right.

JOSIAH.—Are you the manager of that exhibition?

KLINGLE.—No, I'm not, but I'm boss of the animals and keeper of the Queen of the Nile. My keard, Herr Klingle, the world renowned. And what might your name be?

JOSIAH.—(Loftily.) An humble servant of the Lord and shepherd of a flock, Josiah Paul.

KLINGLE.—(Slapping him on back.) How are you Jo? Pardner what's the difference between our business? Both of 'em are shows, circens or pulpit, sawdust or gospel mill, pew rent, subscription or gate money. The money comes a little different, but it's gate-money, all the same.

MRS. P.—The horrid wretch.

CARRIE.—The awful man!

HACKET.—Ask him to dinner.

BUCK.—Gehosaphat, it's the Lion tamer.

JOSIAH.—Irreverent rybald.

KLINGLE.—Rybald, I am.

JOSIAH.—I would rebuke your profanity in naming the church in connection with that peripetetic iniquity, but—

KLINGLE.—Will you give me that again, Jo?

JOSIAH.—Peripetetic iniquity.

KLINGLE.—Now don't go off on your ear.

JOSIAH.—Silence, reviler. I will—but dinner is ready.

MRS. P.—And the chickens fried in batter. (Dinner bell.)

M.—Oh, Bob, you are going to catch it.

KLINGLE.—Ring up old girl, and I'll just continue my promenade around this metropolis, and maybe I'll come back and buz Jo some more. Ta, ta!

HACKET.—Ha, ha!

BUCK.—Gehosaphat!

CARRIE AND MRS. P.—The horrid wretch!

EXEUNT EXCEPT KLINGLE AND BUCK.

BUCK.—Mister, I'd just like to ask you, can you get me a place in the circus, to drive the lion's cage or water the monkies, or put the tent pegs in the ground.

KLINGLE.—(Lighting cigar.) What do you take for it?

BUCK.—I wouldnt take a dollar for it.

KLINGLE.—Innocent villager devoid of guile. I'll do it. (Exit Buck starts off the other side imitating the swagger.)

ENTER MADGE AND TENNICE.

M.—Run, Teencie, and see if Bob is coming from school.

T.—No, Madge, because he's kept in. Why don't they keep you in? Do they only keep in boys?

M.—They keep in bad boys, but they don't keep the girls in because we are smart enough to play good.

T.—Is playing good a nice game?

M.—Just. But Teencie, I know something. You wont tell, so help you, strike you down dead.

T.—So help me, strike me down dead and cross my heart.

M.—Bob's Aunty's Cousin, Mr. Hacket, is going to take Bob away to school, boarding school, where they'll keep him all the time.

T.—Gracious!

M.—If you tell Bob he'll run away and be a scout in a dime novel.

T.—I think its just too lovely.

M.—What?

T.—A story book with a scout in it. He's coming! I hear him whistling for Tip. Here Tip.

ENTER BOB, C.

BOB.—Madge, old Croppy kept me in, but I slid out of the window because I had bet my rooster could whip Tom Simpson's dominicker, and he did, and then I licked Tom.

BOB.—A fellow must have fun. Wait til I get dinner and we'll play circus. The Lion tamer taught me the old clown's song.

M.—Gracious!

ENTER SIMMONS.

BOB.—What's that in the basket Buck?

BUCK.—The surprise for the preacher that the sewing society made.

BOB.—A dressing-gown. The very thing for me to wear as ring-master.

BUCK.—Bob, you hadn't ought to!

M.—Oh, Bob, you'd better not.

BOB.—(Puts rooster in basket.) Here's a sure enough surprise for him. Now give him the basket.

BUCK.—I daresn't do it!

M.—He's in there eating dinner and Mr. Hacket with him.

BOB.—No!

M.—Yes.

BOB.—Bully, I've wanted to put up a job on old Josiah, and now I can do it. You just get me Cis's Sunday frock and bonnet and don't forget the back hair and powder bag, and the red saucer that you make maiden's cheeks with, and the striped stockings.

M.—Oh, Bob you are not going to—

BOB.—A'in't I though? Here's the bill, Madge, you are the world renound equestrienne.

T.—And what am I Bob?

BOB.—You are the infant phenomenon to ride the elephant.

T.—It's just too lovely?

BOB.—And Buck, you are the clown.

BUCK.—And the hind legs of the elephant.

M.—What's that other paper?

BOB.—My composition on the Prodigal Son that old Croppy made me write.

M.—(Reads.) The Prodigal Son was a boy. He skipped and went to town and—

BOB.—Gings, Madge, he must have had a good time and if I hadn't made up my mind to be a scout, I'd go for a Prodigal.

T.—It's lovely.

BUCK.—I'd like joining the circus better.

BOB.—Here's that song. The chorus goes this way. (Whistles.)

Song.—Have you seen the greatest show on earth,
And heard the lions roar,
And beheld the Giraffe squawk in his mirth
As he kicks up behind and before.
If you haven't, then think of your lonely blonde,
As she sadly takes off her back hair
And sighs for her nice young man so fond—
Saying, how I wish we were there.

CHORUS.—For to see the horses prance,
And the Russian bear from France,
Or the elephant dance Highland fling ;
Or the clown in the striped pants,
When he makes the monkies dance
Or rides the little mule around the ring.

For the trumpets, bang-jang.
And the cymbals, wang-wang !
Is the music of all others for me ;
Then put on your bang,
Sweet maid come along,
A front seat is waiting for thee.

TEENCIE.—It's just too lovely.

M.—Buck, what's the matter? (Buck is standing a-gape.)

BUCK.—The Lion tamer.

ENTER HERR KLINGLE.

K.—Why, sonny, is this your shambang ? How are you Cissy ?
(Shake hands.)

BOB.—Yes, Professor, this is where I live.

K.—Sister ?

BOB.—No, not exactly ; she stays here and goes to school.

K.—A mash?

BOB.—A what ?

K.—A spoon ?

BOB.—Well, yes.

K.—And the kid ?

M.—We don't keep any goats, sir.

K.—Fresh.

BOB.—Rather. (Aside.) I wish I had my French dictionary!

BUCK.—Gehosaphat !

TEENCIE.—Are you it ?

K.—Give me that again, my little midget.

TEENCIE.—Are you the circus ?

K.—The boss. Bobbie, my beauty, did you know I'd lost my pet, the Queen of the Nile ?

BOB.—The lioness?

K.—Yes, and if she gives one howl in this sequestered nook she'll raise the neighborhood. She'll just chaw up the village!

ALL.—Gracious!

BOB.—Professor, suppose I should want to join?

K.—You'd make a real daisy in the profession.

BOB.—I may have to call on you. A fellow runs away to join a circus, don't he?

K.—He jumps the paternal roof and skips. He lights out for fame, and some fine day returns to his native town with a full-length portrait on the bills.

BOB.—Bully. I—

K.—It'll be a he racket on the family. But I'm off. Au revoy, Bobby, ta-ta Cissy.

BOB.—You ain't going?

K.—I'll come back to sit down on Jo again. Here I go. (Exit.)

ENTER JOSIAH, MRS. P., HACKETT AND CAREIE.

HACKET.—How de do, Bob? Like to go to boarding school?

MRS. P.—My blessed boy, how would you—

BOB.—How are you, cousin John? Aunty, you must wait till a fellow tries it on. I'm all right.

CARRIE.—Dear Mr. Paul, say something to him.

JOSIAH.—Young people apprahch, (puts hands on their heads,) you will observe my friends, that the mind and character of the female, between the period of childhood and adolescenence, are more preciocions than in the male, or in other words, a girl is smarter than a boy.

BOB AND MADGE.—Yes, sir.

JOSIAH.—Margaret, what does the good book say about—

BOB.—I know!

M.—It says that he was shipwrecked all by himself on the island and made a house out of logs and clothes out of the bark of a goat and skin of a tree.

BOB.—That ain't it. It's skin of a goat and bark of a tree, and—

M.—And Friday saw the Cannibals and—

JOSIAH.—Goat, bark, Cannibals, who?

BOB.—Robinson Crusoe.

JOSIAH.—My children, I asked you about the good book.

BOB.—Just, and that's it. Cis says you gave it to her to give to me not to tell how you kissed her at the pic-nic, down by the ice pond. (Carrie screams and faints in Hacket's arms.)

MRS. P.—Oh, children, I'm ashamed of you. Come here and get your dinner in the kitchen. (Takes them off.)

CARRIE---(Recovering.) Where am I?

HACKET.—Here you are Carrie. Parson, that's bribery and corruption. (Re-enter Mrs. P.)

MRS. P.—Oh, Brother Josiah, what can you think of those imps, you such an angel. They are crazed about the circus and the animals.

HACKET.—Especially the cat which they've let out of the bag.

JOSIAH---They know not what they do.

MRS. P.—Here is a little surprise, prepared for you by the ladies' sewing society. A present. Simmons, that basket.

JOSIAH—(Taking basket.) A present?

HACKET.—(Aside,) A fat turkey. What geese!

JOSIAH.—My friends, this token will remind me of the pious care and dutiful devotion I owe that flock from which it comes. (Opens basket and sees rooster.) Sister Porter, is this a joke?

BUCK.—No, it's a rooster. (Takes it.)

MRS. P.—Oh, oh, Mr. Paul, where's the beautiful dressing-gown? Come in the house and find it.

HACKET.—Ha, ha, (lighting cigar,) I'll smoke in my hammock.

CARRIE.—Oh, Mr. Paul, how dreadful, but come in the parlor and wait till I get my bonnet and we will walk. (Exeunt.)

BUCK---(Alone.) I wonder what I'll do about that gown. I know, I'll lie about it. Funny I didn't think of that at first. The old lady told me to say she wasn't at home when she was, and it's her fault if I've gone and learnt how. I'll get Bob's aunt's cousin's horse blanket and that'll help to fix our show with Miss Carrie's piano cover. (Enter Josiah.)

JOSIAH.—Simmons, did Miss Carrie come out of the front door?

BUCK.—No, sir; she went in the back door.

JOSIAH.—She was looking for her bonnet.

BUCK.—(Aside.) Gehosaphat, Bob's got that hat, and frock and back hair.

ENTER BOB IN CARRIE'S CLOTHES.

JOSIAH.—Ah, Miss Carrie. [Buck backs over the hammock.]

HACKET.—What the devil's this?

BUCK.—It's only me.

HACKET.—Confound you; help me to tie it up to the other trees yonder, where I'll be out of the way.

JOSIAH.—Carlessness is but little better than blindness, and blindness is the curse of those who will not see. [Buck and Hacket go off with hammock.]

JOSIAH.—Caroline, we will now walk, in fact, stroll.

BOB.—No dear Mr. Paul, we'll sit here.

JOSIAH.—Are we alone?

BOB.—If alone you can call it with me.

JOSIAH.—I have a question to ask.

BOB.—Pop it.

JOSIAH.—It is a secret.

BOB.—I'll help to keep it. [Sit on bench.]

JOSIAH.—It is now more than three years since as pastor of this flock, I learned the sacred feeling of the dutiful shepherd, but never did I experience life's choicest blessing till you promised to be mine.

BOB.—Down by the ice pond at the pic-nie.

JOSIAH.—An ice pond becomes holy ground.

BOB.—Water.

JOSIAH.—And a pic-nie, a sacred festival, where the scene of love; I gave you then—

BOB.—Two saucers of ice cream and a glass of cider.

JOSIAH.—The pledge of undying love, as did Isaac to Rebecca.

BOB.—How are you Isaac?

JOSIAH.—For Carolina, you are even like the maiden that awaiteth the coming of the bridegroom in her wedding garments and—

BOB.—A dressing-gown.

JOSIAH.—But behold in the very midst of love's harvest I saw a tare—

BOB.—Did you get on it?

JOSIAH.—There is an obstacle to our happiness that I will put out of the way.

BOB.—Who?

JOSIAH.—Your brother Bob.

BOB.—Oh! [Faints in arms.]

JOSIAH.—Calm yourself my beloved and listen.

BOB.—I'm all ears as the donkey said---no I'm all attention.

JOSIAH.—Your uncle left this estate when he died.

BOB.—[Affected.] Poor uncle, because he could'nt take it away.

JOSIAH.—He had been a fast man, a prodigal.

BOB.—Did he run away with the circus?

JOSIAH.—Like all of his family, he was a spendthrift.

BOB.—He had a good time?

JOSIAH.—Until an accident deprived him of the use of both legs. He reformed, forsook his sins, repented his errors, and made his will, wisely, providing that no man except of the most perfect moral habits should get his property.

BOB.—How?

JOSIAH.—There was but one way and that was to secure a preacher as a son-in-law.

BOB.—The old goose—I mean you duck of a man.

JOSIAH.—The will provides that on your twenty-first birth day, if you marry a minister, the estate is yours.

BOB.—That's to-day. I see it all. The sudden arrival of the guardian.

JOSIAH.—Otherwise the estate goes to Bob.

BUCK.—Bully---I mean, no, yes---but what will we do? [Jumping up.]

JOSIAH.—My beloved maid, marry me; Bob's aunt conspires to keep the fortune for the male branch. Marry or we are lost.

BOB.—Run away! I'll do it.

JOSIAH.—Much easier. The law provides that two parties of age can contract without witnesses; now, if you but sign this paper, we are as well married as if the ceremony had been regularly performed.

BOB.—[Looking at paper.] This is a marriage certificate, is it? I'll do it!

JOSIAH.—Behold one of those matchless inventions, a pen with the ink in the handle.

BOB.—[Suddenly signing.] Tis done. Leave me.

JOSIAH.—[Opening arms.] My beloved wife!

BOB.—[Wildly.] Ha, what do I hear. Listen my beloved, I never can be yours. There is a yawning gulf which gaps between

us. I fly from a fate worse than death, for the red handed avenger of Pike's Peak has sworn to have Deadwood Dick's heart's blood, ere Colamity Kate shall wed another. Farewell!

JOSIAH.—But, Caroline, what's the matter?

BOB.—Farewell, a long last farewell!

BUCK.—[At back.] If you please ma'm, old man Thompkin's calf fell down the well and his oldest gal's aunt Sally set the kitchen on fire. Fire!

BOB.—Fire! Fire! [Exit, running over Buck, all the characters run across the stage and out at back. The three Imps enter with Buck.]

BOB.—Well done Buck! Run Madge, run Teencie; the old folks are out of the way and now we'll play circus. Run to the stable and get the things. Hurrah! [Taking whip from the porch and cracking it at Buck who gallops around—brings out hobb horse, hoops and banners.]

BOB.—Ladies and gentlemen, the world renowned equestrienne in her unsurpassed bare backed act, as performed before astonished multitudes and the crowned heads of Europe, besides an unrivalled triumph in Mauch Chunk and Philadelphia; concluding with the roaring after-piece, entitled: The Corn Doctor's Daughter, or Love on the Light Fantastic Toe. Where's that almanac to get the jokes out of? Now, sir; why is a fashionable milliner like a brass founder?

BUCK. How do I know?

BOB.—[Cracking whip.] Quite correct. Ladies and gentlemen, the world renowned equestrienne will now appear in her unparalleled bare back act as performed before the crowned heads of Europe, on the untamed Arab steed from the wilds of Circassia, the home of the Cossack, in which she will perform the unrivaled feat of leaping through the balloon at full speed, and alighting on the animal's back just as if nothing had happened, with a serene smile of triumph at the spell bound multitude, standing on tiptoe upon the animal's back; music by the band. [Pulls hobby horse across the stage by rope, and Buck standing on keg passes hoop over Madge.]

BOB.—Herr Porter, in his famous Elephant trick act illustrating the docility of the monster by putting his head in his mouth and other startling performances, including the child wonder or the infant

phenomenon. Run and get the elephant. Where's the parson's dressing-gown?

BUCK.—I hid it in old Princee's stall down at the stable. [Exeunt, running,]

ENTER THE OTHEES.

HACKET.—This must be a hoax; no fire, no calf down the well.

MRS. P.—And old man Thompkins says nothing has happened.

HACKET.—I see it all.

ALL.—Where?

HACKET.—Get Bob's traps ready. Take him right off before he can run away.

MRS. P.—Poor Bob. [Exeunt, except Carrie and Josiah.]

JOSIAH.—Caroline, this is a wicked contrivance of Bob. Have you recovered from that attack of Deadwood Dick and the avenger of Peak's Pike. You were playful, Caroline, even as the kitten that disports itself.

CARRIE.—What's the matter, dear Mr. Paul?

JOSIAH.—The gaping gulf that yawns. I never can be yours.

CARRIE.—I never asked you; you asked me.

JOSIAH.—So I did, and blessed be the hour and the day thereof, yea, verily, the month and the year.

CARRIE.—Amen!

JOSIAH.—But why not give me that paper?

CARRIE.—What paper?

JOSIAH.—The sacred contract of our somewhat surreptitious, but holy union.

CARRIE.—Somewhat surreptitious, but—[The elephant enters and she runs off L.]

JOSIAH.—Stay sweet partner of my bosom, why flee from the first approach of love? She's gone. The humors of the female rose even above Solomon, who knew much in that line. I will stroll forth and concoct a scheme whereby Simmons, the guileless hired man may be made an instrument in the hands of providence for the capture of the escaped monster, and the obtaining of the reward to buy our organ therewith. (Sees elephant and runs, carrying bench on his back. Hacket and Mrs. P. on porch see elephant and run.)

BOB.—(On opposite side of elephant.) Ladies and gentlemen, the

famous act, by which Sultan, the crown elephant of Siam, rescued the infant heir to the throne from the murderous conspiracy of the traitorous minister and carrying the royal infant from the scene, safely restored it to the arms of the royal father thus: (Taking Teencie down and kissing his hand.) The gratitude of the monarch may be better imagined than described, for which reason that and other important incidents of the heart-rendering scene are judiciously omitted. Appropriate music to represent the triumph of the animal and rapture of the parent. (Puts his head in elephants mouth, &c. Enter at back, Josiah and the rest armed with pitch forks. They attack the elephant, which after short resistance falls over on its back. Bob, Teencie and Madge run off.)

JOSIAH.—Five hundred dollars reward. No, it is a delusion and a snare.

HACKET.—This is the circus is it?

MRS. P.—And this is why we were hoaxed. Where are the imps?

HACKET.—Yonder's one! (They haul the three imps in.)

JOSIAH.—My dressing-gown!

CARRIE.—My pink sash!

JOSIAH.—This is the last straw that breaks the camel's back.

BOB.—No, sir; it's an elephant.

MRS. P.—Oh Bob, how could you do it?

BOB.—Why aunty, with the horse blankets and piano cover.

HACKET.—Bring out his traps. Come Bob, off we go to school.

ENTER KLINGLE.

K.—Good people is this my animal recovered?

ALL.—There it is.

K.—Ah, Bobby this is your racket.

BOB.—Herr, if you are a friend of mine, now's your time. I'm ready to, what do you call it, jump the town.

K.—All right my daisy, make a show of eaving and then skip I'm with you.

ENTER BUCK AS CLOWN.

ALL.—What's this?

BUCK.—(Vaguely.) I'm the clown.

HACKET.—We'll clown you. (He and K. take him by the ears.)

HACKET.—Come, youngster, say good bye, time's up.

BOB.—(Taking off gown.) I'm all right. Good bye aunty,

good bye Cis, your back hair is down in old Prince's trough at the stable.

CARRIE AND MRS. P.—Oh, Bob!

ALL.—(In chorus.) Oh, Bob!

KLINGLE.—Now, old lady do the briney and let the gushing young lady tear her back hair a little in sign of grief, while the parson does the pious admonition. Bobby, put in a little farewell.

“I'll sail the sea, the world around I'll roam,
“But still to thee, I turn, my home, sweet home.”

CARRIE AND MRS. P.—Bob, be a good boy.

BOB.—Madge, don't let any other fellow make love to you or I'll come back and lick him, sure.

M.—Oh Bob, don't go for a Prodigal, but be a scout or join the circus.

BOB—*I will Madge, so help me, strike me down dead.*

TEENCIE—Good bye, Bob.

BOB—Teencie, tell Tip good bye, too, there will be nobody now to run cats with him, and he'll miss me. (Symphony.)

TABLEAUX.—Bob and Madge, C.; Hacket and Mrs. P., pulling them apart; Carrie and Kingle, L.; Buck, R.

CURTAIN.

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